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The Oxford Democrat

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GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Words of Strength.

BY SCHILLER.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as well as burning fire,
In tracing of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And darkness hides her face in brown,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's despair, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the hosts of Heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But love as man thy brother,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

This grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges redoubt roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

DESERVED.

BY MIGNONETTE.

"My darling, if life looks dreary,
Remember I'll be true—
True as the stars in heaven;
Truer than all to you."

"So if the shadows are o'er you,
Love shall dispel them all.
I'll keep you from harm my darling—
I'll answer when you call!"

Those were dear words you said to me
In days of the beautiful past.
How could I but believe them all!
How think them too sweet to last!

Truly, but no answering voice
Brings cheer to my aching heart;
And care you not for my sorrowing
That we are so far apart?

If sometime, I'm lying white and still,
You learn the bitter truth,
Will you care? Will you feel regret?
Will it cause you little rith?

Will you think of one who loved you?
And of your broken vow?
And you will pity the one
Whose heart is breaking now!

Breaking? Ah, no! but crushed and weary,
Life looks drearily sad!
If death would but kindly take me,
Perhaps I might feel glad.

Selected Story.

A DAY'S BETROTHAL.

"Well, Jennie, it will be hard to part on the morrow."

Jennie answered not a word, but turned away her head, looking out to sea with a sorrowful, wistful glance. The next moment my arm was about her waist. She did not repulse me. "Jennie," I cried, "why need we part at all? If you will take me for a skipper, we'll sail through life together."

We were on board the bark Petrel of Greenock, bound eventually for London, with a miscellaneous cargo from the Mediterranean; and we are now anchored in the roadstead of Havre, a little to the north and west of the pier-head. Jennie is the skipper's daughter, and I am only a passenger.

How it was that I came to be a passenger on board the Petrel, and making love to her, I may here briefly explain. An official recognition had set me at liberty, with a moderate pension; in the prime of life, with all the world before me, and ere making a fresh start, I had determined to have my "wander year."

So after having wandered over half of Europe, I found myself standing on the quay at Naples, one tranquil evening, watching the movements of the shipping, jangling a few sovereigns I had left in my pocket, wondering if they would hold out till next quarter day, when I was suddenly accosted by name with friendly accents in my native tongue. It was some time before I recognized my interlocutor, or could I bring to mind under what circumstances I had previously met with Capt. Macfarlane, of the Petrel, for such he gave himself out to be. All of a sudden I got the clue.

Up to the last eighteen months I had been employed in the transport and victualling office at Whitehall. The Petrel had been chartered as a transport; and to Macfarlane, much bothered with official forms and circumlocutions, I had been of some little service, putting him in the way of getting his accounts passed, and so on. He had said at the time that if he ever had it in his power to do me a good turn, he would. And now, here he had an opportunity.

"And why not take passage with me to old England?" urged the hospitable Scot, as we sat smoking and discussing a bottle of wine at a neighboring cafe. "Come! it can't cost you a farthing. Come! the blue peter's flying. We weigh anchor to night. Go and fetch your traps, and ye'll come aboard with me."

The offer was too tempting to be refused. Time was no object with me, while money was. Before I well knew what I was about I found myself and my portmanteau stowed away in the captain's gig, which was cleaving the tranquil waters of the bay. Next, I was swinging myself up the side of the Petrel, and then I saw a pair of great soft brown eyes looking down upon me, and almost lost my footing by the start they gave me.

"Hoot! it's just our Jennie," cried Macfarlane, in answer to my look of inquiry directed toward our fair fellow passenger. "Jennie, this is Master Willie Thorne, to whom I am under great obligations, and I hope we'll make him comfortable among us."

Well, it was too late to recede now, and after all, it would not be for long. And it hadn't been for those baffling

winds, we should have been safe enough. We did not get to be right down friends, Jennie and I, for a whole fortnight, by which time we ought to have been in sight of the white cliffs of old England, and the sobering influences connected with them. But we had three weeks more of it—a happy, halcyon time—that culminated in the scene with which I began this narrative.

We had called at Havre to dispose of part of our cargo, and the captain and mate having gone ashore to settle some dispute with some of his crew who had unwarrantably deserted the ship, left Jennie and me on board in charge.

We were practically alone on board. The steward was busy in his caboose, the black was asleep somewhere forward—in the sun—the ship was riding easily at her anchor with an almost imperceptible motion. The town was shimmering pleasantly in the sunshine, and the white villas on the wooded heights above shone like so many caskets of ivory. It was low tide, and a strip of wet, glistening sand was visible along the shores of the bay; bathers were splashing about; amateur shrimpers were pushing their nets before them in the shallows. Beyond the bold headland of the Cape la Herve, crowded by its two white lighthouses, assumes the appearance of some lazy Pacific beach couching in the sands. I turned to Jennie, and spoke to her of our approaching separation; then I made the final plunge. Oh, those baffling winds! how much they had to answer for.

What Jennie's feelings might have been after that decisive moment I cannot tell. Mine approached stupefaction. All the difficulties and disadvantages attached to the step I had taken now showed themselves to my mind's eye in the strongest colors; and a life of staid, ennobled means and perpetual self-denial, tinged with the idea of a life of miserable respectability, presented themselves in ghastly array.

There is an advantage, however, in seeing the worst at once. Having suffered my moment of agony, I began to recover. Jennie, poor child, had not noticed the sudden chill that came over me; she was too much agitated and occupied with her own feelings; and as her head rested on my shoulder, and her eyes looked into mine with trusting confidence, I began to realize the truth, that I had succeeded in winning for myself a charming, affectionate companion; that my life would no longer be lonely and self-contained.

The tide had turned; the flood had begun to make. The ship was swinging slowly around, presenting to us the opposite side of the horizon. A loud warning crash from the awning above made us both look up. Never shall I forget the shock of the altered scene that met our eyes. The sun was still shining bright overhead, but to seaward a vast livid wall of vapor shrouded everything from view. A shrill blast of wind trumpeted loudly in the rigging, which began to flap and creak and strain. The sea was rising rapidly, the waves came rushing in, crested with driven foam. Then the sun was obscured, visible only as a faint and watery blotch; the hills crowned with sunshine, the busy, happy town, were all blotted out; we were alone, and a sudden storm and fierce rising sea.

Jennie sprang to her feet, and with admirable calmness began to lower the awning; but in a moment the wind was upon us in full force; the canvas flapped wildly, and then tore away from its fastenings, flew away to leeward visible for a moment in the sky, like a white sea bird, and then lost in the gloom.

"Won't father be angry!" cried Jennie, clasping her hands, "so many yards of good canvas!"

"Are we not in frightful danger here?" I said. "Why, I wonder, has your father not returned?"

Jennie shook her head. "One can't see everything. Perhaps he is now on his way."

She took up the binoculars, and peered anxiously through the mist. But no boat was to be seen. The sea seemed of a sudden deserted, except for one or two fishing smacks to the southward, that with one or two sails half lowered were scudding rapidly for the harbor. But for us, in the teeth of this southwesterly gale, the harbor mouth was as inaccessible as the moon.

Jennie left the poop, and ran forward to the fore part of the vessel. I followed her as well as I could, holding on by this and that, for our ship was now pitching heavily upon the swell. I found her by the bowsprit watching the rise and fall of the ship with anxious eyes. The great black chain that, as the vessel fell, would be invisible in the waves, as she rose stretched itself tight as a bow-string, with a clank and a groan that made one shudder. Our lives hung upon that chain, that the waves seemed to sport with as a toy. As we stood there upon us without warning, and swept the deck with his irresistible force, bearing everything movable with it. I clung desperately to a belaying pin, and Jennie clung to me; and after a while the Petrel rose gallantly from the shock, the water streaming from her sides. Drenched and cowed by the violence of the shock, we made our way back to the poop.

As we reached the cabin door the steward was reeling across the sloppy deck, carrying a steaming dish of potatoes. It was three o'clock, the hour for dinner. Sink or swim, he would have dinner on

the table by three; then his cares were over for the day, and he devoted himself to rum and tobacco.

"You surely can't eat, Jennie?" I cried, as, after she had changed her dripping garments for dry ones, she sat down at the table with what seemed to me almost fiendish indifference.

"Eat! You must eat!" she cried. "Who knows what an hour may bring forth? If you have to swim for your life will you have any chance if you start exhausted?"

I saw that she was right, and we snatched a hasty meal together, as best we could. Just as I had finished a quiver ran through the ship; the motion changed; she began to roll heavily. The sofa on which we sat broke away from its fastenings, and we were thrown violently from one side of the cabin to the other, in the midst of an avalanche of all the moveables that were unfastened or had broken away.

As soon as we regained our feet we made for the deck. I thought that the last moment had come, and desired only to see daylight once more. We had parted from our anchor, and were drifting rapidly toward the dark bristling cliffs to leeward.

The sight seemed to restore confidence and courage to Jennie. "Go forward!" she screamed in my ear; "go forward, you and the steward, and get the lower sail on the foremast; black Jim and I will steer the ship."

Jennie's voice inspired me; the prospect of doing something to avert our fate gave me new strength. I started forward, holding on to anything that came to hand. The steward stood at the door of his caboose, having jammed himself into a secure position; a pipe was in his mouth, and a black bottle in his hand. "Come along man," I shouted in his ear; "come and help me get up sail."

"What's the odds?" he replied in a sullen voice; "what's the odds?" Let's be happy while we may."

The man was drunk. I cast a despairing glance behind me when the poop, raised high in air by some towering wave, seemed almost to touch the sky. Jennie was at the wheel shading her eyes with her hand, looking anxiously forward. Ah! what could I do among all this bewildering maze of cordage and rigging, all shaking and rattling in the wind—I, who hardly knew one rope from another? But the sight of Jennie at the wheel looking out for me nerved me to do something. I made my way to the foremast, and clambered up the rigging, looking down at a precipice of waters beneath me. Loose ropes and flying blocks threatened me at every moment with destruction; but I held on to the ropes like grim death, and inspired with the courage of despair, I essayed that which at another time I should never have dreamed of; I crawled out the yard with my knife in my teeth, and cut one by one, the lashings that bound the sail to it.

The sail flew out with a tremendous report, and threatened every moment to tear itself into tatters; but seizing a rope, I slid down to the deck with a rapidity that took every morsel of skin off my ankles; and getting hold of the rope that I saw controlled the movements of the sail, I hauled it in bit by bit, and succeeded in making fast one side of the sail. The other offered less difficulty.

Jennie waved her hand triumphantly from the poop. The ship began to move through the water, no longer to drift helplessly and forlorn. We should clear the headland that now looked so ominous upon us, coaching there like some hungry animal awaiting its prey.

I crawled back to the poop, and Jennie rewarded me with an encouraging grasp of the hand. "You did that beautifully," she cried. "Now it the gale moderates, as I think it will, and doesn't veer around more to the westward."

As she spoke we shot past the headland, and gained a clear view of the coast beyond.

The sun was sinking low, and showed for a moment a blood red streak between two angry clouds. The lurid light it cast upon the red frowning cliff was something appalling. They ran along for miles, as far as the eye could reach—steep, inaccessible heights, with the surf beating angrily against them, and flying up in clouds of spray half way to their summit.

As the sun went down, it came on to blow harder and more from the westward. The line of cliffs to leeward loomed nearer and nearer. The sail ceased to draw, beginning to shake and flap with a loud noise.

"She will go nearer to the wind, Willie," cried Jennie, knitting her brows; "and we drift continuously to leeward. You must haul the sheet tight'er, Willie, it's our only chance."

I was running forward to do my work, when a block detached from the rigging by the force of the wind, struck me on the head, and I fell to the deck insensible. When I came to myself, my head was aching violently, although it seemed to be supported with a soft pillow. It was quite dark, and the air seemed full of hideous noises; the scream of the wind, the loud roar of the surf, filled the air with a tumult indescribable.

"Where am I?" I said, feebly stretching out my arms into the darkness. I felt arms about mine, a soft kiss imprinted on my forehead.

"We shall be ashore, dear, in five minutes," said a voice in my ear, "and all

our troubles over."

I raised myself up with a groan, and tried to gain my feet, but fell back exhausted. The scene about me filled me with terror; the thought of drowning helpless in this raging gulf of waters had an ineffable bitterness for me.

"Willie," said Jennie once more in my ear, "if you get safe ashore, will you give my love to father?"

Then I found that I was lying beneath the shelter of the poop-deck, protected a little from the seas that were breaking over us, and that a life-belt was fastened under my arms. Jennie was crouching beside me, chafing my temples and hands.

The few minutes that elapsed before we struck seemed an age. The wind beneath the cliff was not so violent, and the back current of the waves kept us a moment away from the rocks which we almost touched. But the respite was not long; we grounded on an out-running spit of rock, and instantly the sea made a clean sweep over us, carrying away masts, spars, rigging—everything went by the board. I had seized Jennie at the moment of striking and we were hurled away together in a hideous trough of cordage and timber. Dashed violently against a mass of slippery chalk, which afforded no purchase of hand or foot, I lay there fairly exhausted, expecting every moment the return of the wave that would sweep us back into the gulf, when I thought I saw a face peering anxiously over the waters. It was a delusion, one of the hallucinations of approaching death. Next moment we were covered with blinding surge, and a great green wave swept over us, driving us pell-mell before it with incredible fury. I lost my senses for a while, to find myself jammed in between two fragments of rock. Jennie was gone. I had lost my hold of her, and she had been carried away into the boiling gulf.

I had nothing to expect myself but instant death. The next wave would wash me out of my hole, a mere crevice in the precipice. I had my strength enough left to breathe, and could fight no longer against my fate.

But though I was constantly covered with surf, and nearly suffocated, yet the waves did not reach me with full force. The tide was retreating.

Time passed on. I hardly knew how, till the moon rose red and menacing. The tide was down now, but the surf reached to the very base of the cliffs. The flood would come presently, like a lion to his half-devoured victim, and I should perish. Then I heard voices below me, and saw by the moonlight some men draped in short smocks or blouses, groping about among the rocks beneath me. They were countrymen, evidently, who had been attracted by the wreck, and who had found their way down the cliffs by some concealed foot path. I shouted—they heard me, and clambered to my retreat. They carried me along the base of the cliffs by a foot-path among the debris, till they reached a smooth gap in the wall of chalk, by which they ascended. I was presently carried to a house, stripped, and placed in a warm bed. I recollect just this much and then memory fails me. I had a long illness, I am told, and was near death's door, but recovered at last, and found myself the guest of a worthy Norman farmer, who occupied a charming little homestead on the heights above the sea.

As soon as I could get about, I went down to Havre to inquire about the Petrel, at our consulate. She was lost, I was told, on such and such a night, with all hands on board at the time. The captain had returned home two months ago. I determined to go home at once, and leave a place so fraught to me with sad memories.

Now that Jennie was lost to me forever, I realized how much she had been to me. Her kindness, her courage, her devotion, her charming gaiety and animation, recalled themselves to me, and I told myself that I should never see her like again. I inquired as to her last resting place. Only two of the bodies had been found it seemed—those of the cook and black cabin boy.

Well, it remained only for me to return to England, a saddened, melancholy man. I left my watch with the good farmer who had taken care of me, as some recompense for the trouble and expense to which he had been put. The captain of the John Bull gave me credit for my passage-money, and I landed at St. Katherine's wharf without clothes but those I wore, sadly stained with sea water, and with only a few shillings in my pocket. But there was money due to me for my pension, a couple of quarters now, and I took a cab to the paymaster-general's office to get it.

"William Thornly," said the clerk, looking at his list. "Why, he's dead, struck off the list two months ago. You're the man you say. Well, I'm sorry to say that only a treasury order, will bring you to life again."

The personnel of the office was almost entirely changed since I was last in England. The old clerk who used to pay me had been pensioned off, and there was no one who recognized me. The information came, I was informed, from my old office, and there I went with much chagrin. There could be no difficulty in eventually getting the matter put to rights, but in the meantime I wanted money, and I didn't know where to get it.

I went to the old office. The place

once so familiar to me, now knew me no more. One of my old chums was still there, and him I found out. He looked at me, stared, burst into laughter.

"What! you're not drowned, then?" he cried.

"Drowned? No, but precious near it. Who stopped my pension, pray?"

"Oh, some friends of yours came here: a sea-laring party, and a pretty girl in deep mourning—a dented pretty girl," said my friend, pausing, and beginning to bite the stump of his pen.

"Well, they gave me a long account of your loss on board the Petrel. Why he came to me was, that he remembered my name as a fellow who knew you, don't you see? Of course I was very sorry to hear it and all that; and then the old captain asked me who your relations were, and I couldn't tell him; but I said I'd make inquiries; and as they were going to Scotland they said they would call and see me again on their return. And by Jove, here they are."

I was sitting with my back to the door, and turned my head towards it. A young woman in black ran forward with a scream. I sprang to my feet and clasped Jennie in my arms—Jennie, safe and sound, but pale and worn—suffering for me.

Her father, it turned out, had been on the cliff, and had followed the Petrel along the shore all that eventful night; he had offered five hundred pounds in vain for a tug to put out to the rescue; and the life-boat, although she had tried to get out, had been beaten back. He had seen the ship coming ashore, had lighted a blue light, which I now faintly remember to have seen, that revealed our position. Just above on the cliff it happily chanced that there was a crane, used for raising blocks of chalk from a quarry half way down, which was provided with a chain and bucket, and aided by some donkeys, he had descended by this means the face of the precipice, and had caught hold of his daughter as she was swept away from me in the last mad rush of waters. He was an eye witness, as he thought, of my loss in the abyss, and had never dreamed that I could possibly have escaped.

"I wish you'd have stayed drowned," said my friend between his teeth, but for all that he stood best man at my wedding, and my rough day's betrothal has been followed, thank God, by a union of constantly increasing happiness.

A Chance for Every One.

We often come across people who have been unfortunate for life. They have lost property. They have lost standing in community. They have lost their earthly loves. Some of them have lost even faith and hope. Many of them have lost what would have made them happy, by their own foolishness. Their troubles all run back to a wrong decision, to one fatal hour. In that hour they did what they should not have done; and all their troubles are traceable to that one event. These people write to us for advice, for sympathy,—some of them from a feeling that they must tell somebody. What shall we say to them?

The past blunders do not kill. Past follies do not forfeit future opportunities. God is always ready to give one another chance. Heaven is never hopeless. I never despair as to those who are cast down. God seems to feel sure that every prodigal will one day or another come back; and is more anxious to get the best robe on his back than to give him a lecture. God never scolds. He forgives, and that is the end of it. It would not hurt a good many to imitate him in that respect. There is such a way for the parent to forgive a child that it would have been nobler to have thrashed him on the spot.

If you have failed, then, in any respect, no matter from what cause, no matter whether by little or much, do not cloud the sky of your future by gloomy thoughts about it. Be hopeful, happy, courageous. Old errors, like dead bodies, should be buried. Bury them quick, and plant some flowering deed on the mound. The mound will level with the years; but the floral deed will renew its life with the seasons.

"We are saved by hope,"—Murray.

"One day last week one of those urbane traveling gentlemen who come among us every once in a while and favor our citizens with an opportunity to get their printing for a little less than nothing, was in town. He went through Water St

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office, whether directed to his name or not, is responsible for the payment of it.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that threatening to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing or carrying them away, is a crime, and evidence of fraud.

County Convention of Reform Clubs of Oxford County.

A Quarterly Convention of the Reform Clubs of Oxford County, will be held at Paris Hills, Wednesday the 23rd day of October, A. D. 1878, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to continue through the day and evening.

It is very desirable that at this, our first County Convention, every club be represented by large delegations. Come up, brethren, let us take counsel together, that we may be better prepared to enter on our Winter Campaign, against the common enemy of our race.

JOHN F. STANLEY,
Secy. of State Committee.
J. H. KAWSON,
Pres. Paris Hill Reform Club.
J. A. BROWN,
Pres. of Norway Reform Club.

"The Bloody Shirt"

This is the time of year when radical papers are engaged in stirring up strife between sections of this great republic. For several years, these thoughtless journals have protested against the killing of negroes and white Republicans in Southern States. They have been so regardless of public weal, as to assert that Republicans had as good right to hold political meetings in the Carolinas as in New England. Of course, such views, openly expressed, and the reports of negro brutality, carefully prepared from facts, have led to sectional feeling, and have retarded "conciliation." This year, it seems, is to be no exception to the past. Already we find such items as the following, in half of our exchanges:

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Wade Hampton Encouraging the Bull-dozers.

Republican meetings broken up.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—Washington specials give an account of the attack on the Williamsburg convention of the S. C. of State Senator Smith by riotous armed men, because he was organizing Republican meetings. He stated that the mob was by Democratic candidates to leave under penalty of the law was endorsed by Wade Hampton.

The Charleston Courier of the 14th has a letter describing the assembling of several hundred armed men in red shirts, with a battery of artillery, at Sumpter and Santee, the forces coming from three counties. The Republican meeting for that day was not held, and a Republican named Coglan, attempting to speak, was threatened, and a small body of negroes was dispersed. The letter says that Coglan drew a revolver to protect himself, when several men were leveled at him. A cannon was loaded with ten penny balls and made ready to fire when several Democratic leaders intervened and prevented Coglan, and Sumpter resumed its usual quietude.

SLAUGHTERING THE NEGROES.

A Fight in Mississippi in which 30 are Killed.

NATCHEZ, Oct. 15.—The following is reported by the officers of the steamer "Natchez": "A fight occurred with the negroes yesterday in Goldman's Field, some miles above Waterproof, in which it is said 30 negroes were killed and whole of them dispersed. Some appeared to be trouble while the general impression is that the negroes will not again assemble. A communication just received from a citizen of Waterproof states that all is quiet and settled. Two negroes were killed yesterday."

Now, every editor who loves his country, will suppress such news as this—for he should favor "conciliation." If it was wrong, two years ago, to report these outrages, it is as wrong to-day, to "wave the bloody shirt," and stir up strife. But what do we see? The old time "stalwart" papers are being reinforced this year by journals which have hitherto kept "shady," or have denounced their more radical neighbors. Here is the Lewiston Journal, rubbing its eyes, as if it had just awakened to the fact that Republicans were outraged in Southern States, that their lives and property were held by them merely at the option of despots. This is what the Journal says, in view of the items before quoted:—

South Carolina seems determined to again inaugurate the slave system in persecuting colored people to vote the democratic ticket. The democratic party of that state have apparently gradually determined to resist the Congressional districts of the state at all hazards, peacefully if they can, but violently if they cannot. There is no doubt that a terrible war of fire already exists there, and is promising to become more daily. The President cannot be too prompt in using all the power that is available to repress violence and secure protection and equal rights to all under the constitution and the laws of this Union. It is as safe as as efficiently protected in all his rights as he would be in a foreign country, claiming his rights as an American citizen. In interstate his protection the President would not need. If a slaveholder has the right to take his property to leave the Southern States to themselves, to restore to them their full rights of local self-government, but this is to deny the right to vote the laws of Congress and the constitution of the United States. The law, enacted in pursuance of the constitution, is to the citizens, with out distinction of race or color, the right to vote and empowers the President to employ the force of the government and the militia in the enforcement of that right. That right must be sustained and that power must be exercised, if necessary, or the government is a rope of sand.

And then it quotes, approvingly, as follows:—

The New York Herald, one of the ablest democratic papers, says:—
"The country is very well satisfied with the President's Southern policy, but it will not stand any more 'bloody shirt' doctrine. The Southern republicans have precisely the same right to assemble, to speak in public, to nominate candidates, to try to elect men to vote when election day comes as the Southern democrats, and if any attempt is made in South Carolina or elsewhere to interfere with the rights of the colored people with the free and full exercise of these rights, the Southern democrats will discover that the North knows how to resist and how to punish wrongs for which, whatever may have been the cause under the old Southern policy, there is not an atom of excuse. It will not need federal troops to punish such misconduct, because it will receive its reward at the polls in November. Whatever the slogan policy may effect in South Carolina, it makes republican votes very rapidly in all the Southern States."

In sober earnest, if the Journal and all other influential papers, had, two or three years ago, given utterance to such sentiments, instead of denouncing the "bloody shirt" campaign, many lives would have been saved and much suffering might have been averted. If the President had seen himself supported by strong northern sentiment, he would have used his authority to prevent the outrageous course which has been pursued by Hampton & Co., who, by their kind reception, have been led to believe of the north were afraid of them. Let us hope the administration has back bone enough to prevent anarchy, and to protect every citizen within the territory over which it holds jurisdiction.

—Work has been commenced in laying a sidewalk from Norway to South Paris. This is a much needed improvement. Mr. Wheeler, is having the roadside by his property between Paris Hill and So. Paris cleared of brush and trees. So the good work goes on.

Those Dispatches.

The New York Tribune has kept the political world in fever, for two weeks, by publishing cipher dispatches, used by Democrats, in communicating information concerning the Presidential outlook in Florida and South Carolina, during the month of 1876. We gave, last week, a summary of the Florida case as published by the Tribune. Mr. Manton Marble, and Mr. Tilden, both of whom were implicated by the dispatches, deny any criminal participation. Mr. Marble denies that he ever made, or accepted any proposition looking toward the purchase of an elector in Florida. Mr. Tilden says he has no knowledge of the cipher dispatches, and never entered into any bargain, nor countenanced any illegal proceeding concerning the count. These denials are sweeping, and would be considered conclusive were it not for the very strong case made out against the defendants, by the Tribune. In Mr. Tilden's case, it seems a little strange that twenty or thirty cipher dispatches should be sent to his residence, concerning this matter, in which he was so deeply interested, and he not be aware of their existence. Mr. Marble's denial is equivocal; but we reserve judgment, and await further developments, to either disprove the correctness of the Tribune translations, and thus exonerate those implicated; or by proving the articles to be genuine, sink Tilden, Marble & Co. below the lowest depths of political rascality yet reached in America.

In the meantime, the Tribune publishes a second lot of dispatches, these from South Carolina, showing that attempts at purchase and bribery were also made in that State. The case is as clearly proved, as was that in Florida—the only chance to escape from their damning, is to disprove the authenticity of those dispatches.

Twelve Reasons why 730s were not Currency.

The following is an exact copy as types will afford, omitting the pictures and ornamental work, of the seven thirty notes of 1864:—

INTEREST ONE CENT PER DAY.
Dated June 30, 1864. \$50.
Three years after date, the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT will pay to the order of— FIFTY DOLLARS, with 7 1/2 per cent. interest, payable semi-annually in lawful money.

5 coupons attached. Last six months' interest payable with note. Prior installments payable only on presentation of coupons thereto.

51.82 1/2. Pay bearer \$1.82 1/2 Feb. 15, 1865, for 144 six months' interest on \$50 U. S. Treasury Note No. 153,827.

Pay to bearer.

At maturity, Convertible at the option of the holder into BONDS redeemable at the pleasure of the Government at any time after five years, and payable twenty years from Aug. 15, 1867, with interest at six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually in coin.

50. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA 50.

TWELVE REASONS WHY THESE NOTES WERE NOT CURRENCY.

1. The 730s were not legal tender.
2. They were interest-bearing, made so to prevent circulation.
3. They were worth in the market five per cent. more than greenbacks.
4. They were printed in the form of bonds, with five coupons attached, and were nearly double the size of greenbacks.
5. They were sold in the market as bonds and not paid out as currency.
6. They were never enumerated in any treasury report as a part of the paper circulation of the country.
7. The lowest denomination printed was for \$50, and less than one-tenth were as low as that.
8. They drew interest at the rate of one per cent per day for every \$50, and this obligation was printed on each note.
9. They were fundable into six per cent. bonds, and this obligation was also printed on them.
10. They were never passed from hand to hand in ordinary business, although some of the creditors of the government, like soldiers, were offered these notes if they would take them rather than wait for greenbacks, and they did so.
11. They were not payable or redeemable until three years after date.
12. They were made payable to order, and many of them were indorsed, and could not be disposed of without proofs of the genuineness of the indorsement.

In these dozen different particulars, some of them vital and all indisputable, the 730s were not a "circulating medium."

—Lansing Republican.

—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal says that the democrats are attempting to weaken the force of the exposures in South Carolina by maintaining that the persons making the charges are not of good character. They admit, however, that the colored Representative Rainey of South Carolina is a gentleman whose character is beyond reproach. —Congressman Rainey in an interview, declares that the statements relative to the recent outrages in South Carolina are lamentably true. Rainey says: "I cannot call to mind any period under the republican administration in South Carolina when there has been so much unrest and feverish excitement among the people. One thing is very certain, republicans are threatened on every side simply because they see fit to differ politically with the democrats. No man in South Carolina can escape ostracism who has independence enough to assert his own personal convictions, if they happen to be antagonistic to those entertained by the democrats. I am fully convinced of the fact that there is a determination on the part of the democracy to crush out republicanism, which means stifling republican majorities, for in South Carolina there is unmistakably a republican majority of from 25,000 to 30,000, and in my own Congressional district we have an actual majority of between 5000 and 6000. That is fully established by the recent census."

—On the coming in of the Supreme Judicial Court in Portland, Wednesday afternoon, Judge Virgin presiding, Judge Nathan Claiborne arose and presented a memorial tribute and resolutions of respect to Frederick J. Littlefield, the late clerk of courts for Cumberland county.

Ben Wade Buying a Hat.

Gen. Garfield, in his speech at Cleveland on Saturday night, told a fine story, which has not before been made public, in regard to bluff Ben Wade's buying a hat. It is one of the finest illustrations of the disadvantages of an inflated currency which has come to the surface during the campaign. It will be remembered that Mr. Wade was sent, during Grant's first term as one of the commissioners to San Domingo. Soon after landing upon the island Mr. Wade began to suffer greatly from the heat and soon dropped into a store to purchase a palm-leaf hat.

After selecting one that suited his fancy, and fitted his head he asked the shopkeeper the price of the article, and received the astounding answer, "\$300." He had noticed that the place looked a little suspicious, and that there were two or three rather hard-looking characters sitting in the room, and he imagined it was a plan to rob him. But he was not to be bluffed or put down, and so straightening himself up he took from his pocket a silver half dollar and slapping it upon the counter said, "You can take that or no thing."

The shop-keeper took up the piece, and looking at it with a sweet smile tried it in his teeth. He then stepped back to a drawer and locked it safely away, and bending down under the counter, as though in the act of devotion, he presently came forward with a large roll of bills, and placed them upon the counter before his customer.

"What's that?" said Ben, still belligerent.

"Your change, sir," politely replied the tradesman.

Mr. Wade took it up in astonishment, and counting it found that it amounted to \$150 of the depreciated San Domingo scrip. In other words, 25 cents in other money would have bought the chip hat.

The speaker asked if anyone wanted such a currency as that in this country.

The State Y. M. C. A. Canvass.

The State Executive committee of the Y. M. C. A. were in session Tuesday evening at the rooms in Auburn. Bailey of Winthrop, Burgess of Portland and Learned, Robinson, Hill, and Jordan of Auburn were present. It was voted to prosecute the canvassing of the State in harvesting souls for Christ upon a plan similar to that of last year, which met with such signal success. Three workers are to be put into the field principally in Washington and Hancock counties, and another worker will be added if there are sufficient funds.

\$700 was pledged at the State convention, \$500 of which was by C. M. Bailey of Winthrop. The committee voted to issue circulars stating in substance the work accomplished last year and plans proposed for this and coming season, to be placed in the hands of every evangelist pastor in the State for voluntary contributions to carry forward the work. Work already has begun in Rockland in response to a very urgent call from a pastor of that place. Great interest is being manifested and many are being awakened.

The report of F. E. Shaw was submitted in substance as follows: We commenced the canvass, Dec. 4, 1877, and with the exception of two towns our labors have been wholly confined to Washington county. Held meetings first in Eastport, where eighty-seven started upon a Christian life; thence at Robinson. Here in a fortnight two hundred and fifty-five souls found hope, hardly a home in town being unvisited by the angel of salvation. A few days at Red Beach, the Lord blessed us again by one hundred seekers. In Calais a most wonderful work was wrought. During two weeks there were three hundred and twenty-five inquired; in the third week the interest became intense, and twenty-five were asking prayers each day. Before we left Calais five hundred and eighty-five had taken for Christian life. In Milwauke, N. B., there were two hundred seekers; in Pembroke one hundred and fifty; in Princeton one hundred and fifty; in Duxbury two hundred and three, where a most remarkable revival occurred sweeping over the entire town—only three houses in town, but where dwelt Christians. All the members of the brass band were converted except one, and only seven men in town but what attended divine service. East Machias, two hundred and fifteen; Massena, one hundred; Whitneyville, twenty-four; Wiscasset one hundred and thirty; and many other cases in Cutler, Jonesport, Columbia and North Vassalboro, where meetings were held. We had seventy-seven calls in all. The report was indeed a deeply interesting document and shows with what wonderful fulfillments of His promises God makes to his servants. The committee are hopeful for even grander results following labors in this campaign. Christians generously contribute to this object.—Lewiston Journal.

—The Belfast Republican Journal has been so consistent, as a hard money advocate, that it has secured the hatred of the whole tribe of papers styling themselves Democratic, but which lack the honesty of the Journal, or the desire to stand by former expressed convictions. The Rockland Opinion and Bangor Commercial endeavor to show their contempt for the Journal by calling the editor Billy Simpson. Mr. Simpson has generally managed to row his own boat. If any of the hitherto Democratic papers choose to measure swords with Billy, they may thank themselves if they get unharmed very shortly. The Journal is not a Republican paper, yet we do not see how a paper which honestly desires, as we think that paper does, to sustain the public credit and keep good faith with those it has promised to pay, can stand anywhere else in politics, except side by side with those who are at all times in favor of strict honesty.—Machias Republican.

—We saw a man pay twenty two dollars and fifty cents in gold, last week, in preference to paying paper money which he held in one hand. Why was it? Because the time for the redemption of United States currency in coin, is so near, that practically there is no difference between the gold and the paper. The note of the United States, payable on demand in coin, is equal to gold. Very few would prefer the gold to paper, when the purchasing power of the paper is equal to gold. Who will be so foolishly as to assert that if specie resumption were not so near, paper would be worth as much for currency as gold? and yet almost the entire Democratic party, and all the Greenback adherents are clamoring for the repeal of the resumption act. Republican legislation makes our paper money equal to gold.—Ex.

—E. C. Allen, the Norway clothier, has something to say to our readers in another column.

Aroostook.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION.
Aroostook County contains one hundred and eighty townships and has an area of nearly seven thousand square miles, or about one-fifth of the whole State. It is more than four times as large as the State of Rhode Island, a third larger than Connecticut, three-fourths as large as Vermont, four-fifths as large as New Hampshire and nearly as large as Massachusetts. It is situated between thirty-six and forty-seven degrees and thirty minutes of north latitude, being farther south than most of the State of Michigan, and the northern part of Wisconsin and more than half the State of Minnesota. By the terms of the Webster-Ashburton treaty, the line between Aroostook County and the Dominion of Canada, known as the North Eastern Boundary, extends from the source of the St. Croix River, due north, until it strikes the St. John river at a point north of Hamlin Plantation; thence along the middle of the river to the St. Francis river, thence along the center of the St. Francis to the point where the southwest branch flows from St. Francis Lake; thence southwestly, with but one angle, to the southwesterly branch of the St. John. It is watered by the St. John and its tributaries, the principal of which are the Aroostook, the Madawaska and the Meduxnekeag. The general direction of all the rivers and their principal tributaries is eastward, toward the St. John, the water shed extending westward to the height of land between that river and the Penobscot and its tributaries. There are few elevations that can be dignified by the name of mountains. Mars Hill near the eastern boundary in the town of the same name, being the most important.

GEOLOGY.

In regard to its geology, Aroostook County differs from all other parts of the State. In many respects it closely resembles portions of the State of Michigan and also of Canada West.

A marked feature which at once attracts the attention of the stranger from the central and western parts of the State, is the absence of boulders, and the almost entire absence of cobble stones, pebbles, gravel and other material usually denominated drift. One may travel for days without seeing a rock of any kind. The few rocks found in some localities, are generally calcareous and the bed rock which underlies the whole county is either clay or calcareous sand, with occasional veins of trap. This bed rock or ledge is everywhere reached at from twenty to fifty feet below the surface, and rarely can wells be sunk so as to obtain water. The soil is a clay loam strongly impregnated with lime, and vegetable mould is found ten feet below the surface. For cereals, and in fact for almost any crop, no soil can have a better composition. The character of the rocky formation may be studied at Grand Falls, where the ledge is a mixture of slates and limestone, the strata having an anticlinal, the two sides dipping northwest and southwest. In the matter of building, the absence of rocks would be seriously felt, were it not for the giant cedar trees which are everywhere mixed with the hard wood growth and which are used for fencing, for making bridges and culverts and even for walling up cellars.

THE FLORA.

The general reader will have but little interest in a description of the smaller vegetation which helps to make up the flora of Aroostook county, but the composition of the forests is a matter of great importance to those who think of going there to live. The vegetation is very different in different parts of the county. The country bordering on both sides of the St. John, from Boundary branch at the northwestern part of the county, to Grand Falls, has the flora peculiar to northwestern localities in the same latitude, and is distinct from any other part of Maine. Here we find the *Astragalus Alpina*, the *Oxytropis Uralensis*, the *Artemisia borealis*, the *Hedysarum boreale*, and numerous other Alpine plants, while the whole region through which they are distributed is covered with a heavy growth of cone-bearing trees, such as spruce, fir, hemlock and pine, which form the most valuable part of the county for lumbering purposes. South of this limit, not at once, but gradually, there is a marked change in the character of the smaller vegetation, while the cone-bearing forests give place to areas of hard wood, consisting of maple, beech and oak. We do not wish to be understood as saying that there are no timber lands south of the limit we have described, but that the hard wood growth predominates. Mixed in with the hard wood, almost everywhere, may be found gigantic cedars, as large and as tall as the sugar maples, and growing by their side. These cedars are worked up into shingles and fencing material, besides being used as a substitute for stone, as already stated.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

Formerly the entire County of Aroostook was the property of Maine and Massachusetts, but for one purpose and until these lands have been parted with, there are now no public lands. Some of it has been sold at a very low price for lumbering purposes; some has been granted to institutions of learning and the lumber kings, and in 1868 the Legislature foolishly granted nearly all the rest to aid in building a railway to St. John's which is very little if any benefit to the State. A railway to Houlton, Presque Isle and Carleton, through the heart of the county, would have remunerated the State for the loss of its broad domain, but as it is, the conclusion is inevitable, that the land was fooled away. There was a condition attached to the grant of 200,000 acres of this land, that when the State should demand it, it should be lotted out and put into the market, at a price not exceeding one dollar per acre. These lands are now wanted for settlement, and the State cannot make the demand too quickly. Three million acres of Aroostook lands are in the hands of proprietors who are opposed to having

them settled and whose interests, therefore, antagonize those of the State. Several of the townships thus owned are worth much more for settlement than for lumbering purposes. We know of no way to bring them into the market except to tax them at their full value, which would soon bring the owners to terms. This we trust may be done.

AVAILABLE LANDS.

Many Aroostook farmers are the owners of several hundred acres of land, much more than they can clear and cultivate. Frequently they have two or three hundred acres of forest growth. These large tracts will eventually be divided up into smaller farms and sold to settlers, and such instances are not uncommon now. Then again, strange as it may seem in a country like this, land can always be bought with more or less improvements, at a fair price. On the first two tiers of townships, are more or less settlers who, until the boundary line was settled, supposed they were in New Brunswick. They are frequently untidy and discontented, and embrace the first opportunity to sell out and go among their own people. Then, scattered all over the county, are settlers whose property is mortgaged and who become discouraged and sell out their improvements and go somewhere and begin again. So that persons who have had even small means have always been able to go to Aroostook and buy out claims at better advantage than they could go into the wilderness and start anew. It will be noticed that in these communications, there has been much sameness in speaking of the different places we visited; nor could a truthful description make it otherwise, for the reason that the land is much the same throughout the county. The value of a particular location over another, has much more to do with its nearness to market and easier communication with the outside, than with any superiority of soil, for in this respect there is little to choose, and we hesitate not to say that the County of Aroostook is the richest and best agricultural region in New England.

Reported for THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

L. O. of G. T.

Oxford County District Lodge, L. O. of G. T., met with Forest Lake at Hartford Center, on the 9th day of Oct. Was called to order at 10 o'clock a. m. by H. N. Bolster, District Templar, and opened in subordinate form.

Committee on credentials reported five lodges represented, viz: Crystal Wave, East Backfield; Mountain Home, Hebron; Javineville, East Sumner; South Paris, from South Paris, and Forest Lake, Hartford.

Voted, That each member present have power to act as delegate at this session.

A report from the different lodges represented in regard to their standing. Those in the eastern part of Oxford Co. were represented to be in a prosperous condition.

The following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That the prosperity of the Lodge will be in proportion to the interest of each member in its affairs, and it should be a constant aim on the part of your Lodge to see that all its members are placed in some position where this interest may be manifested, and their talent developed. Through literary exercises, declamations and debates on the one hand, and active temperance work on the other, our lodges should become schools fruitful for good from every point of view.

Resolved, That Good Templars in the County of Oxford have much to stimulate every member of that Order to be a divine, vigilant and brave worker in the prohibition of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, and every temperance organization in the county is lending a helping hand to the work.

Resolved, That inasmuch as the Divine favor has been bestowed largely upon us in the past, we ought to trust God in the future, and double our diligence to advance our noble cause, and labor earnestly until the last vestige of anything that can intoxicate is swept from our land and world.

Music by the choir—"Where are the Respers," and then some interesting remarks for good of the Order were made by Bro. Wm. Bicknell, Wm. Sewell, Rev. Mr. Traflet, Sharon Robinson, Jr. and others.

The matter of time and place of next session of District Lodge is left with Bro. H. N. Bolster of South Paris.

Voted to hold a public meeting in the afternoon. Closed in due form.

V. P. DeCoursey, Sec.

The public meeting was largely attended. Moses Alley, Esq., was called to preside. Meeting was opened by prayer by Rev. W. C. Stevens; music by the audience.—"To the Work," after which Scott Robinson was called upon and responded in an able manner, and then followed speech by McDonald, Murphy and G. A. Merry from Portland and John Perkins from Rhode Island. They each spoke to some length, and made a stirring appeal to the citizens of Oxford County to still keep pushing forward in this glorious work.

The Hartford Band was present and the audience was most highly entertained with excellent music which was interspersed between the speakers.

A vote of thanks was extended to our brothers from Portland for their presence and help, also to Hartford Band for their excellent music, and to the citizens of Hartford for the use of the hall.

It was remarked by many to be one of the best sessions of the District Lodge ever held in the County.

V. P. D.

GOOD TEMPLARS.—The semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine was held at Newport, Oct. 20th and 21st. It was a well attended and interesting meeting. The order was reported in a good condition in the State with 232 lodges and over 17,000 members. A. J. Chase, Esq., of Portland, was at the head of the order, and Geo. E. Brackett of Belfast, Secretary, to whom all correspondence, &c., in relation to the order should be sent. It is proposed to organize fifty new lodges the coming months, and towns in the State where there are none should endeavor to secure one of these popular and beneficial organizations. The annual session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Lewiston next April.

TOWN ITEMS.

ANDOVER, Oct. 11.—A very heavy gale of wind struck here on the 9th inst., uprooting trees, tearing down guide boards, demolishing fences and making things lively all around. A new house recently erected by Mr. N. Rand, was lifted from its foundation and badly broken up, being damaged more than a hundred dollars.

An old-fashioned husking came off at Mr. Sylvanus Poor's last Friday evening. The spacious barn was well filled by an eager crowd who made lively work of husking out a hundred and fifty bushels of as handsome corn as one need to see. Mr. Poor raised in all about 200 bushels of ears of good sound corn. After the corn was disposed of, all were invited into the large dining hall, where an elegant supper stood upon the tables, which consisted of those tempting dishes which only farmers' wives and daughters know how to prepare. After supper we all repaired to the elegant parlors, where we enjoyed an hour of rare social intercourse. Mr. Poor came near losing his house by fire last Sunday morning, but fortunately the flames were discovered before they had burned through the roof, and by the vigorous exertions of the family the fire was extinguished.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Methodist churches was held here on Tuesday and Wednesday of the present week. Presiding Elder Mason was present and preached two good sermons. The communion sermon was from these words: "What means this sacrifice?" In the evening Mr. Mason delivered a lecture entitled "Formation of Character," which abounded with good sound advice to all.

Mr. E. E. Budell is very sick and it is feared that she cannot recover.

Capt. Thomas has been here this week with his show. All who have attended, speak in the highest terms of his ability as a showman. The singling by the little girls is a very attractive feature of the exhibition.

Mr. W. H. Marston of this town, left here last Monday for Kansas, where he intends to enter the employ of S. E. & W. J. Poor, formerly of this town, but who are grain dealers in Chapman, Kansas.

LOUSE STARR.

BROWNFIELD.—The Argus says that East Brownfield is becoming an undesirable place in which to own property, unless it is well insured. There have been five barns and houses burned in a circuit of about a mile within a year. Monday evening the barn of Mr. Living K. Lane, situated within a stone's throw of the P. & O. station, and separated from his dwelling house by a space of only 15 feet, was destroyed by a fire which must have been accidental. Mr. Lane's loss includes, besides a good barn, nearly built, 30x50 feet, a horse, two cartriages, plows, hay, straw, etc., to the value of \$500, with an insurance of about \$300. There is no doubt that these fires are the work of revenge, and opinion is united as to the culprit.

DENMARK.—We are to have a new Congregational church. The work was commenced by the carpenters Monday morning. We are also going to have a new school-house for graded school. The Union Sabbath School gave a very interesting concert at the Chapel, Sunday. The apple harvest has not been so abundant for many years. Farmers are laying in a large amount of cider. Hope they will use it in accordance with the spirit of the times.

Our Masonic and Odd Fellow Lodges—"Mt. Moriah" and "Denmark" are vigorous lodges, but Good Templar Lodge a little puny.

Since the tempest Saturday's rain the weather has been warm and lovely. The drought has been peculiar here, in that townships which failed in the droughts of past years have furnished a good supply of water while others, which have been considered inexhaustible heretofore, have failed.—Lewiston Journal.

HARTFORD, Oct. 16.—Prof. Luther W. Mason of Boston, formerly of Turner, has received, within a few years, the following medals: A silver medal for Musical Charts at the Mechanics' Fair, Boston, 1869; bronze medal for Musical Charts and Music Books at the World's Exposition, Vienna, 1873; bronze medal for Musical Charts and Music Books at the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, 1876; silver medal for Japanese Music Charts, bronze medal for Music Charts, Music Books and Desk Organ for teachers, at the World's Exposition, Paris, 1878. He was one of a family of seven sons and five daughters, children of Winard Mason, a large farmer of North Turner.

The 3 o'clock Sabbath meetings at East Backfield, under the lead of John B. Jordan, evangelist, Auburn, this season, have increased in interest. Six youths have resolved to live a Christian life in future. Fifteen, of both sexes, who have taken the temperance pledge in the Crystal Wave, have, within sixteen months, decided to live Christians.

On the evening of the District Lodge, held at Hartford on the 9th, a public meeting was held in the Good Templars' Hall, where a large audience listened with great interest to the soul-stirring addresses of Merry, Murphy and McDonald of Portland, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

HARTFORD.

LOVELL.—The Good Templars' Hall at Lovell Center, which has been repaired in a very thorough and tasty manner, was publicly dedicated Tuesday evening, Oct. 15, by W. C. T. W. O. Brown, assisted by P. G. W. C. T. H. A. Shoney, and Bros. Staples and Norton of Bridgton. After the dedicatory services Bro. Shoney gave an interesting and instructive address, which was well received. Bro. Staples was next called upon, and responded with very earnest remarks for the good of the cause. Bros. Norton, Libby, Waterhouse, Hamblen, Chapman, Andrews, and others, responded with words of encouragement for this noble Order. These remarks, with the temperance songs well sung, which were listened to by the large audience present, must be productive of much good. The thanks of Mt. Sabatias Lodge and of the community are due to the committee on the repairs of the Hall, Messrs. C. G. Andrews, B. W. Andrews, J. F. Stearns, for the "go-ahead" manner in which they have taken hold of the work.

The many friends of Caleb Searns will be pleased to learn that he is recovering as fast as can be expected from his severe fall.

Mr. Orin Andrews, of the firm of O. Andrews & Co., Lawrence, Mass., has recently spent a short vacation at the old homestead.

The annual Town Fair came off Wednesday, Oct. 16. It is reported the attendance was good, the display of cattle good, and that of fruit, fancy work, &c., very slim.

MILTON.—There will be a social dance at Allen's Hall, Milton

GRAND OPENING.
New Dry Goods Store at No. 100, Paris--New Building--New Rooms--New Stock--City Store and Country Prices--Money Saved by Buying at Home.

On Tuesday morning last, Mr. D. H. Colby threw open the doors of his new dry goods store, in Odd Fellows' Block, S. Paris. About one year since, Mr. Colby brought a small stock of dry goods from Lewiston, and, for a short time displayed and sold them from the Old Bolster Store. As that building was about to be demolished to make room for an elegant block, to be erected by the Odd Fellows of Mount Mica Lodge, Mr. Colby was obliged to close out his business. Seeing, however, that Oxford County was in need of a store devoted exclusively to dry goods, he leased a corner store for a term of years, and promised to return when the projected building was completed.

Accordingly, extra efforts have been made to finish Mr. Colby's rooms. For some time the windows have been boarded up, while carpenters erected counters and shelves, and while the goods were being arranged thereon. Tuesday, the day of the opening, the secret work of this establishment was made public. The shutters were removed, and a crowd of admirers and purchasers thronged the new store.

The room occupied by Mr. Colby is fifty feet in length, and, facing the square, has or is to have, five show windows. Windows in the rear throw light from the back, till it meets that from the front, rendering the store light and airy. A large basement, whole size of the room above, is also occupied by Mr. Colby for storing goods. On entering the store one is immediately tempted to say: "This looks like the city." The goods are arranged in a very attractive manner, while the stock is large and varied. Two long counters, occupying both sides of the store, are ready to receive and display goods, while shelves from floor to ceiling, piled with every conceivable style of cloths, completely cover the walls. Pleasant goods are displayed in an attractive manner, from every hook and conceivable device for hanging.

The general appearance of the store, with its promise of good things, is not lessened by a critical examination of goods and prices. We quote a few. Dress goods from 10 cts. a yard up. Black Cashmeres, \$1. Flannels 12-1-2 cts. and up. Men's Cloths are every style and price. Cotton Flannel 12-1-2 cts. Unbleached Cotton Remnants, 12-1-2 cts. Prints 5-1-2 cts. Ladies' under vests, 50 cts. Corsets 75 cts. Ribbons 10 cts. 12-1-2 cts. and up. Spool cotton from 10 cts. a dozen to 3 cts. a spool. Hamburgs 5 cts. and up. Everything is low.

A pile of 1000 cakes of soap, sold at 5 cts. each, attracts both the eyes and nose, on entering the store. Table Linen, Shawls, Skirts, Hosiery and all things needed for domestic use, are found in abundance. Mr. Colby intends to attract trade by fair dealing and low prices. His stock is purchased so he can sell it at figures as low, if not lower than those of any city dealer. He is prepared to match his goods and prices, and the variety of his stock with those of any store in Maine. Persons who have heretofore been obliged to visit the city when in need of certain goods, can save their traveling expenses by calling at the Oxford County Dry Goods Store, and they may find also, that they can "do a little better" on prices, at the same time.

This is the only store devoted exclusively to dry goods, in Oxford County. No doubt our citizens will appreciate the enterprise which has given us this fine store, and they will patronize it accordingly.

DECEASED.—Mr. A. OSCAR NOYES, of Norway, well known in all business circles of this County, died on Sunday morning, Oct. 13. The news of his death did not reach us in season for publication last week. It would be difficult to take a man from Norway, whose loss would be more severely felt. The deceased was the father of the late A. Oscar Noyes at the Universalist Church on Tuesday last was largely attended; many being unable to gain admission to the audience room of the church were obliged to remain standing, wherever opportunity offered. After the opening exercises, an appropriate sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Seitz, followed by the eloquent and touching address by the well-known author, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., a life-long friend of Mr. Noyes, occupying about twenty minutes of time in delivery. At the close of the services at the church, the procession, headed by Pennesseewassee Lodge, K. of P., followed by Oxford Lodge, No. 19, F. and A. M., moved to Pine Grove cemetery, where the funeral service of the Masonic order was performed; the Knights of Pythias taking an appropriate part in the ceremony.

The casket was beautifully and appropriately decorated with flowers and evergreen; and at the close of the Masonic ceremonies a burl from one of the decorations was placed in the hand of the father, mother, widow and children by Mr. Cobb; after which ceremony the procession re-formed, and moved back to the residence of the deceased.

There were present 118 Masons, in cluding several from Portland, and 32 Knights of Pythias from Norway and Bridgton. Mr. Noyes was a charter member of Pennesseewassee Lodge K. of P.; and the oldest Knight Templar in Norway.

In West Paris, Oct. 10th, Col. Jordan Stacy, aged 82 years, 7 months, 5 days. The deceased was formerly a resident of Porter, and well known in that section of Oxford County for many years as an active business man, having many times been honored by his fellow townsmen in electing him to various offices in the town. He was a deputy sheriff more than 50 years ago, and forty years ago or more he was Colonel in the Maine Militia. He was a brother living in Porter. The order was performed; the Knights of Pythias taking an appropriate part in the ceremony.

Musical.—The Oxford County Musical Association will hold its third annual session at South Paris, beginning Nov. 5th and continuing four days, under the direction of T. P. Ryder, with W. H. and Mrs. W. H. Fessenden as soloists. The association were obliged to postpone from the 15th of Oct. on the account of conductor.

"A stitch in time saves nine." A dose of Adams' Balsam in season, may prevent a long and fever, and perhaps a permanent cure. It cures coughs, colds, asthma, and all lung troubles. Keep it in the house. Price 35 cts.

\$500 REWARD!
They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and are well paid for a case they will not cure or help for anything important or injurious found in them—Hepatitis, Testis, "Trichinosis" or "Proverbia," another column. 022-2w

BENEFACTORS.
When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced its discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical, but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.

Doctor, it Feels like a Ball of Fire!
So speaks oftentimes the sufferer from Dyspepsia. After eating, it seems as if there was a veritable ball of fire running up and down through his stomach. He feels as much as if he were being roasted. It destroys his enjoyment of life. If the doctor he really desirous of curing his patient he should not experiment with the sufferer, he should recommend him to use PERUVIAN SYRUP, whose merits have been tested so long, and always satisfactorily. Bails of fire in the stomach and PERUVIAN SYRUP can't dwell together. Send to your druggist, he keeps it always ready, and try it. It will work like a charm.

"It seems as if I should cough my head off!" is sometimes the impatient exclamation of a sufferer from a severe Cough. Quell the paroxysms with Hales' Throat Drops and the cure comes. Sold by all Druggists.

ROCK.
In Lovell, Sept. — to the wife of J. W. Stanford, a daughter.

MARRIED.
In West Paris, Sept. 25, by Rev. M. C. Penick, Mr. A. Mont, of Woodstock, and Miss Anna T. Faulkner of Turner.

DIED.
In West Paris, Oct. 10th, Colonel Jordan Stacy, aged 82 years and 7 months.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Examination of Teachers.

ALL persons expecting to teach school in the town of Paris during the coming winter, are requested to present themselves for examination at the School House, on PARIS HILL, WEDNESDAY, the 6th day of NOV. 1878.

A NEW STORY.
GEORGE MACDONALD.

NOTICE.
We have been appointed, by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of William P. Brackets late of Peru in said County, deceased, who estate is represented by said Judge, and to give notice to all persons claiming to be creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we will attend the service assigned us at the store of Woolens & Hardware, in Peru, on the third Tuesday of November, A. D. 1878, and Saturday, the fifteenth day of March, A. D. 1879, of the following months, from nine o'clock a. m. to four o'clock p. m.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
J. U. P. BURNHAM, OF PORTLAND.

PHOTO'S
of all sizes. All work entrusted to him will be done in the BEST MANNER, at REASONABLE PRICES.

Administratrix Sale.
NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to a decree of the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, at a court held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1878, I shall sell at public auction, at the post-office in Gilead, in said County, at two of the clock in the afternoon, on the second day of November, A. D. 1878, so much of the real estate, belonging to the estate of Samuel Richardson late of said Gilead, deceased, as will produce the sum of seven hundred dollars, including the reversion of the widow's right, dower if necessary, said real estate, consisting of the homestead of said Samuel, situated in said Gilead, and of about fifteen acres of out lands, OLIVE E. RICHARDSON, Adm'r.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WORLD,
EIGHT PAGES,
WILL BE SENT,
POSTAGE PREPAID,
FROM
Now, Until Jan. 1, 1879,
FOR
TEN CTS.

TO CUSTOMERS AT A DISTANCE.
We would say that buying from this Stock and at our prices will pay you large interest on your time and money, and one year it will be sure to be followed by another.

OXFORD COUNTY Dry Goods Store,
WEST PARIS.

NEW YORK & BOSTON.
Fall and Winter Stock

Dry & Fancy Goods,
We think we can show as good stock of goods as can be found in

OXFORD COUNTY!
And will guarantee our prices to be

As low,
Or lower than the same goods can be bought elsewhere.

Black Cashmeres,
From 50 cts to \$1.00 per yard.

Dress Goods,
From 10 cts a yard up, Two numerous to mention.

OUR BLACK CASHMERE
for \$1.00 is a better bargain than can be found in Boston to-day, notwithstanding large sale by some of our competitors.

Flannels
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Woolens,
For Men and Boys, We can suit every taste and pocket.

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Open for Business,
TUESDAY, October 15th, 1878.

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Continental Remnants, in 5 lb. bundles, 60c., or 3 cts a yard.
Remnants of Prints, best goods, 5-1-2 cts. a yard.

Remnants of Selicia, 8cts., worth 15 cts.
Remnants of Cambries, 5c. per yard. Sold for 8c. everywhere.

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Roby's Double Busk corsets, for 75 cts. An unheard-of Price. A Good Corset, Colored and white, all numbers, 45 cts.

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Machine Cotton,
3 cts a Spool.

GOOD SPOOL COTTON,
10c. a doz. Spools.

1000 Cakes Perfumed Soap!
5c. a cake, worth 10c.

CRASH!
5 cts. per yard.

Table Linens,
colored and white, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c., &c., &c.

HAMBURG,
from 5 cts per yard up, 25 per cent. under price.

We control the sale of BATES' REMNANTS
in this county and shall always have a full Stock. Large Stock

Cashmere and Woolen Shawls, Skirts, Ladies' and Gent's Hosiery,
Ruchings, finished and by the yard, Collars, Cuffs, etc.

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SPORTSMEN Attention!
You can Buy Stevens' single bbl. pump. Breech Loading, twelve Gauge Guns for \$12.50.

English Twp. 8 Steel 14.50
Danvers Steel bbl 18.00
10 Bore, plain bbl 16.50
Eley's P. E. Wds. 7 & 8 89.10 per 1000
9 & 10 1.07 per 1000
11 & 12 1.30 per 1000
Berdan's Brass shells 1.50 per doz.
Primers 2.00 per 1000

NEW GOODS!
We would respectfully announce to the citizens of PARIS HILL, VICTIM that we have just made additions to our former stock of goods, and are weekly

Receiving New Supplies!
WE HAVE

PUT IN STOCK
A

GOOD LINE
of WOOLSTEN & WOOLLEN goods for

GENTS' SUITS.
Shall also have in stock a fine line of cloaks for

LADIES' OVER - GARMENTS,
also, Flannels and fancy styles of Repellents for ladies' suits.

IN FACT,
we have an

Extensive Variety and Large Assortment
of goods, and

